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Evening Summons

by [Violetscented](#)

Summary

My version of what happened after the season four finale. Regina summons the new Dark One over a few evenings and the two women get to see new sides of each other. Some darker and strangely more sensual sides. Soon they have to analyze deeply hidden feelings and needs. This fic will be 7 chapters and is rated E for later chapters. Sexual tension galore!

Notes

Author's note: Hello kittens! I am supposed to be finishing my story arc for my SQ Big Bang story but as it's not cooperating I took a break to write a short fic about what happens when Regina summons the Dark One. I know that many writers (who are better than me) have tackled this subject but I thought I'd give you my version. I won't be able to post every day this time (we are off to Portugal for a week soon) but I hope to post at least once or twice per week.

Getting ready and remembering the first summons

Regina checked her reflection in the mirror. The cranberry-coloured dress, which matched her lipstick perfectly, was tight and as flattering for her thin waist as it was for her rounded curves. It had just the right amount of cleavage too, enough to draw attention to her chest but not so much that her guest would be too distracted to see her face.

Missing her face tonight would be a shame, she knew that she had gotten the makeup just perfect, fake eyelashes over eyes framed in thin eyeliner and a hint of caramel eyeshadow up top. Perfectly matched foundation and powder to show off her olive skin. A hint of blush on nicely sculpted cheekbones and of course the kiss-proof lipstick, topped with a smidgen of gloss, to make her plump lips the star of the show. Even Regina had to admit that she looked damn good tonight.

Dressing to the nines always felt like putting on armour before battle for Regina, but tonight it had been surprisingly pleasurable. That was strange as she had such mixed emotions about her choice of company tonight.

Despite that she had enjoyed herself while she got ready, she had even relished in putting on the stockings that were clipped into her panty-and-garter combination which was made up of her favourite material – black lace. The bra matched of course and due to it being pure lace, you could see her mocha-coloured nipples through the fabric.

She felt almost giddy, like she was young again, simply because this was different than the other times she had worn this. When she had worn it for Graham or just under clothes to get her in the right frame of mind when she was out with Robin, it had felt like what a woman did to entice a man. Simply another necessary trick.

But tonight it was different. Tonight there would be no man in her home. Just a woman who would know just how much time she had invested and how it felt to wear this armour. It felt strangely... comforting and left her free to feel the giddy excitement all the more.

When it came to her appearance, she was ready. But was she ready emotionally? There was so much at stake here and the situation was so complicated. She sat down, straight-backed as always, on a chair and thought back to when this all started.

It had started that first night when Regina had summoned the new Dark One. Emma had been under the curse for about 24 hours by then.

After much discussion it had been decided that Regina should keep the dagger, simply because she could protect it from ending up in the wrong hands with her magic. Although she suspected that Hook and the two idiots were quite afraid of the item as well, even *she* shivered whenever she held the dark dagger.

There hadn't really been a need to actually summon Emma that night. The tortured blonde had been around all night and the following day as they all struggled to come up with a plan to free her from the curse of being the Dark One.

They had tried every potion and spell and gotten help from both Gold and the sorcerer's apprentice and in a romantic but futile attempt to solve it all, Killian Hook had even kissed Emma with the gallant promise that True Love's Kiss would break the spell. It hadn't. The silence that fell in the room after that had been toxic and sad. Hook had been withdrawn and irritable ever since, like a lion with a thorn in its paw.

Everyone had watched Emma try to smile and keep everyone calm throughout that night and the day, they had seen her promise that it would all be okay. She had said she could fight the darkness and Snow and her idiot husband had immediately pointed out that they had removed all darkness from her, meaning that she probably couldn't be

corrupted anyway. *Cretins*, Regina thought. *Can't you see that the darkness is already in her? Eating her up behind that plastered smile?*

That was why she had summoned Emma later that night. The Charming's were at home with their baby, Hook was out getting hideously drunk, Henry was sleeping up in his room and Regina was alone in the kitchen.

She had been holding the dagger and wondering where to hide it when she had realised that she needed to speak to Emma. She needed to find out what the blonde was actually feeling and not what brave front she was putting up for her parents, son and boyfriend. If anyone knew what it was like to secretly have darkness infesting your soul under a veneer of normality, it was Regina. She clearly recalled all those years with Leopold and Snow before she finally shed the yoke and allowed her darkness to break through the thin layer of normality that encased her.

She caressed the name on the dagger and whispered hoarsely. "Emma Swan, I summon thee."

Emma had appeared the very second the last syllable left Regina's lips. Emma had looked so surprised and tense. So tense that the first words that came out of Regina's mouth had been, "relax. You don't have to pretend that everything is alright. I know. Just let go."

Emma had looked like she was about to argue, that familiar defiant and self-reliant look of the streetwise orphan on her face, but then her shoulders had sagged and she had let out a long breath. When she met Regina's eyes again her face showed only defeat and fear.

"Regina. Shit. It hurts. It hurts so damn much to smile."

Regina had swallowed loudly, trying to ignore the pain and recognition she was feeling. "I know, dear. I remember how hard it is to hide your demons, to hide that you are *changing*."

Emma sighed. "Yeah, well, what really scares me is that this is only the start, you know? It's only going to get worse from here. How am I gonna protect them from this?"

"It might not be as bad as you think. As you get more used to the darkness you will learn to hide it better. At least until it consumes you like it did Rumpel. Or me for that matter," Regina said wryly as she placed the despicable dagger on the kitchen counter behind her.

"Yeah, maybe. Anyway, thanks. For, you know... calling me out so I can talk about it. I'm sure it's not how you planned to spend the evening," Emma said as she put her hands in the back pockets of her jeans and looked at the floor between them.

"Well yes, it did interfere with my plans of a large glass of Beaujolais and finishing the latest Paul Auster book, but I think I'll survive," Regina replied and crossed her arms over her chest.

They were both quiet for a moment. Both thinking about what *could* be said and what *needed* to be said.

"I... I won't hurt Henry, you know. If I ever think there's a risk I would, I'll kill myself first," Emma said determinately, finally looking Regina in the eye.

Regina looked into those sea-green eyes which were bloodshot and tired. "I know, Emma. I know you would never hurt him. I don't believe you will hurt anyone, I and your family will do everything we can to make sure of it."

"Okay, good," Emma mumbled and looked back down to the floor.

Regina took a few steps closer and put her hand on Emma's shoulder. "It will get easier and we WILL free you from this. Until then you just have to hang in there. I will be here for you and you can always be yourself with me, don't pretend and don't protect me. If you need to rage, cry or lash out... do it with me. Heaven knows, I can take it."

Emma looked back up at the empathetic face of her former arch enemy and wanted nothing more than to throw herself in the older woman's arms and cry herself to sleep. But she pulled herself together and just nodded before mumbling, "thanks. I think I'll need it."

"I am certain that you will and I'll be ready for it. But until then, you should try to get some rest, you'll need your strength. You can sleep in a guest room here if you don't wish to go back to the loft tonight," Regina replied calmly and gave Emma's shoulder a slight squeeze before removing her hand.

Emma gave an exhausted little nod. She had been dreading going to sleep in the same house as her parents, fearing that she would hear her mother crying in her sleep because her darling little princess had succumbed to the darkness. "Thanks," Emma said again.

"Don't thank me, Emma. You took the curse of the Dark One instead of me and to be honest I think you saved my life when you did. I weathered the darkness once and it nearly blackened my heart and tore everything good from me, a second round and I would have ended up just like Gold, maybe even worse as I was always more passionate than him. I owe you a favour I can never quite repay."

Emma shrugged. "It was only fair. I couldn't see you lose it all again. I'm the Saviour, it's my job, right?" There was a hint of bitterness in her tone and Regina wondered if it was due to the darkness or if it was just fatigue.

"There is a guest room with a made bed next to the master bedroom, feel free to go upstairs and try for some sleep. I will call your parents and let them know you are staying here. I'll say you wished to be near to Henry."

Emma thought about it for a brief moment and then agreed to the plan. "Yeah, yeah that's probably a good excuse. Thanks."

"Stop thanking me, Miss Swan. Go up and get some sleep before you fall asleep in my kitchen, I may be indebted to you but I will NOT

carry you up to bed if you pass out here."

Emma had trudged up the stairs and Regina had picked up her phone and searched for Mary-Margaret Blanchard in her contact list.

The second summons

The second evening Regina summoned Emma, was two nights later. They hadn't gotten any closer to finding a solution, although David had suggested stabbing himself with the dagger to take the curse from his baby girl. It had taken all of Regina's logical skills and patience to explain that they would still have the same problem then, just that the curse would be in someone with less magic protection and only half a heart. Snow had turned out to be less dim than usual and had helped convince her valiant husband that this heroic plan was ridiculous.

After that there had been a few townspeople talking about taking the curse from Emma, and while it was surely just talk and would come to nothing if they were actually faced with the huge sacrifice, Regina still felt a pang of jealousy at how much people loved Emma. If it had been her who had been claimed by the darkness they would most likely have just locked her up and buried the dagger in the woods.

Well, maybe not Robin. But then her dear soulmate seemed to only have two things on his mind lately, his conflicted feelings about Zelena and trying to get her into bed. She didn't understand why he kept trying to get her to make love, but he doggedly insisted that it would cure all the pain between them and cement their relationship.

She had consented yesterday evening, which was why she hadn't summoned Emma, but it had been strangely lacklustre. There was none of the passion that their forbidden encounters had brought before, instead she felt strangely remote from it all. That was new to her, sex had always been either heaven or hell for Regina Mills.

Heaven on the night she lost her virginity to Daniel in the stables, hell when she had been forced to share a marital bed with Leopold and then the strange mix of heaven and hell when she had coerced Graham to share her bed, heaven because she had desired him so and hell because

she feared that it was only the fact that she had his heart which made him so hungry for her.

She regretted every one of the intercourses with him, both in this realm and in the Enchanted Forest. As she had regained her mental stability she had started to realise that it had been a sexual violation of the man and it pained her greatly. Just another horrid sin to add to her list of murder, torture and maiming. She hated her past self so intensely sometimes.

But with Robin it was neither, it was.... a distraction. The passion she had felt when they were in her vault, a place she had never expected to have sex in, was invigorating but it was still slightly like going through the motions and last night, well last night was almost *mechanical* for her. She had even had to use magic to create vaginal lubrication, something she hadn't needed to do since she was pinned under Leopold on those horrid nights of her youth.

Why did it feel so wrong to be with Robin? After all, he was her soulmate. The only adult who was meant to always be on her side. Was she just tired? Was it because she felt forced to be with him by the hands of fate? Was it because she was worried about Emma and how all of this was affecting Henry? Was it because the idea of that she was now sharing a lover with her demented sister sickened her slightly?

Whatever it was, she couldn't stand the idea of repeating the act. She had told Robin she was on her period and sent him back to the Merry Men camp he was insisting on staying in. In all honesty, she was relieved that he wasn't staying with her. She didn't want to be suffocated by his cloying, guileless sweetness nor his constant *pawing*.

Henry wasn't here tonight either. He was sleeping over at a school friend's house over the weekend, returning tomorrow afternoon. So tonight was a good night to summon the Dark One. A good night to summon the woman who would most certainly need to vent after such a long stay with her worried, overzealous parents.

She had already fetched the dagger before she came downstairs. Now she sat in an armchair and looked at it. Regina had decided to keep the dagger in a hidden compartment in the floor under her bed. She figured that very few people in Storybrooke would dare to go ripping up the floor of the bedroom of Mayor Mills, the former Evil Queen.

She once again stroked the name embossed into the dagger. She didn't know why she did that, she just knew that it meant a lot to her. That name which made her heart feel strangely warm on that cruel and cold surface. It hurt to touch it but she still wanted to, she wanted to caress it as if to soothe the sweet name, as if to make it ok.

With a suddenly shaky voice she said, "Emma Swan, I summon thee." She knew she could say Dark One but she refused to, she wanted to use Emma's name. To prove that Emma would never truly be the Dark One to her, even if the blonde killed, raped and pillaged... she would still just be the ever annoying and ever impressive *Emma Swan* to Regina.

Emma appeared in front of Regina and seemed to be almost trembling. She was even paler than usual and there were dark circles under her beautiful eyes.

Regina rose from her chair immediately. "Emma, are you alright?"

Emma looked at her, a look which showed pain and frustration. "It's so hard to keep it under control. It feels like I have pins and needles everywhere in my body. It... started today. I woke up and I needed to... hurt people. People who had done me wrong in the past. I wanted to slap Mary Margaret for lying to me, I wanted to shove David into the wall for sending me away in the wardrobe and when I saw Doctor Whale doing his usual slimy mental undressing of me in the street – I nearly throttled him!"

Regina gave a little wry smile at the last statement. "Well that wouldn't be much of a loss for the town, we can always get a new doctor, this time one who isn't an over-sexed tomcat."

"This isn't funny, Regina! I wanted to KILL him. Just because he objectified me!"

Regina felt a sudden chill down her spine as she thought of how she could never quite help admiring Emma's toned and beautiful physique. She would have to control her wandering eyes from now on.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make light of the situation. I understand why your new dark impulses would scare and repulse you. Just remember... you *wanted* to do those things, but you *didn't*. You fought the violent compulsions and everyone is alive and well," Regina said in a soothing tone.

Emma ran her hand through her matted hair, getting stuck at what had been a curl but was now just a small tangle at the tip of her long hair.

It was obvious that her appearance wasn't important to Emma right now and Regina envied that. Even when she had been at the height of her deranged, villainous reign she had always felt forced to look immaculate because of how her mother had raised her. She had been taught that a woman could never be in power unless her beauty could stun a man with just one look. Still, even looking this frazzled Emma could probably stun both men and women into next week. The blonde was so naturally beautiful that Regina couldn't help but stare sometimes.

She was staring right now. She felt torn between admiring the former Sheriff's beauty and feeling guilt and sadness for Emma's plight. She noticed that her heart was beating fast and knew that she would have to get Emma speaking or she would end up spluttering apologies and conveying emotions better kept hidden.

Emma finally broke the silence. "Yeah, everyone is alive and okay. For now. But god, Regina. I want to really *hurt* someone. I want to feel strong and powerful... I feel like I have grown these big strong muscles and now I'm not allowed to use them! I'm itching to... do something!"

Regina licked her lips and thought about what to say and do. She scanned the room, lost in thought. There had to be something she could do to help Emma. When she focused her gaze on Emma again she noticed that the blonde was staring at her lips. Had the blonde been doing that ever since she licked them? No, surely not?

Regina pushed the thought away and thought out loud. "Hmm. You need an outlet. A healthy outlet where you won't injure anyone."

Emma chuckled. "Yeah, even I figured that out. But what? I can't go around punching people and I can't seem to take my anger out on things. So far I've kicked my poor Bug and punched several pillows into submission and nothing has helped."

Suddenly an unbidden image of Emma roughly fighting pillows in her bed came into Regina's head. She saw lithe, sinewy muscles covered in silky, pale skin rippling as Emma grunted and punched into soft, yielding pillows, sending feathers flying over the bed and sticking on Emma's sweating skin.

Why that image had to appear in Regina's mind, she didn't know. Nor did she know why Emma had to be only wearing lacy red underwear while fighting the poor massacred pillows. For a brief second she remembered the red panties Emma had worn when she opened the door to her that day when she brought the blonde apples. Yeah, that explained the red underwear at least. *Thank you brain, that will be quite enough*, Regina admonished herself and shamefully shook away the unsettling image.

"I think you need to be certain that the things you are fighting can feel the pain you inflict. Remember the darkness isn't rage... it's evil. Rage you could fight out into the pillows, but evil has to damage something or someone to be satisfied," Regina said pensively.

Emma walked over to the couch and sat down in a defeated manner. "Great. So I have to become a monster to be able to keep functioning normally?"

Regina winced at the way Emma's voice broke when she said those words. She couldn't imagine how hard it must be for someone who had so much pressure on her to be good to suddenly need to be so deeply evil. The Saviour, the daughter of the ever perfect Snow White and Prince Charming, the product of true love, the town's brave Sheriff... how could that person deal with having to hurt people to feel normal?

"I'm... sorry, Emma. I can't imagine what you are going through."

Emma gave a mirthless little laugh. "Actually, you seem to be the one who comes closest. Gold won't talk to me, he just says it hurts too much to think about his own time as the Dark One. Everyone else just pities me and seem to be kinda scared. Well except for Hook, but then he still mopes around like I stabbed him in the heart. It's not my fault that true love's kiss didn't work!"

Regina said nothing. She had wondered about that kiss. She had seen Hook and Emma kiss a few times, he always seemed passionately in love while she... well Emma just always looked like she was glad to make him so happy. She looked like she had just fulfilled a task very satisfactorily and now felt proud of herself, never like she would perish if she didn't get another taste of the pirate's salty lips.

Why did that fact make Regina feel so contented? Probably just because she still secretly despised Hook for handing her over to be tortured and for making people forgive his crimes so much faster and easier than she had been forgiven.

"I'm very glad you feel like you can confide in me. I only wish I could do more for you," Regina replied honestly.

At those words Emma slowly let her gaze travel from the floor, up Regina's legs, over her body and then up to her face and there was a strange intensity of those sea-green eyes when they reached Regina's chocolate browns.

Regina felt unnerved and strangely... naked under the shadowy look Emma was pinning her with. A part of her wanted to speak, to break

the tension and whatever dark thoughts Emma might be thinking, but another part wanted to push her chest out and give her famous seduction-smirk. It was strange and she didn't know what to make of these feelings. The room felt strangely air-less suddenly.

Regina cleared her throat. "I... I suppose we need to find something for you to fight. Something that actually deserves the punishment."

Emma opened her mouth and the voice that came from her pink lips sounded low and intense. "I was always very good at fighting *you*. Remember that fistfight we had outside your vault? You sure know how to throw a punch, Madam Mayor.... And how to take one. You kept standing and just wiped that blood away from your mouth as if I'd barely grazed you. I couldn't tell you then, but I was very, very *impressed*."

Regina felt her heart miss a beat and a strange pull in her lower abdomen which slowly morphed into a warm buzzing between her thighs. They were talking about violence so why was she feeling... almost... aroused?

Emma kept staring at her. Staring as if she was starving and Regina was a particularly luxurious and tempting dessert. Again Regina had the strange impulse to draw attention to her best assets and to preen her feathers in front of Emma. She actually had to force her mouth closed to stop herself from biting her lower lip as she looked into Emma's red-rimmed and wanton eyes.

Regina tried to collect herself but her voice still came out deeper than normal as she answered. "Yes, I remember. I remember what I did to Graham that night too, how I crushed his heart. That is what darkness will do to you if you cannot fight it. However, I refuse to let that happen to you. I'll think of an outlet for your impulses. Until then, you should probably get some rest."

Emma looked away and then shook her head violently, as if she was trying to force the darkness out of her mind by shaking it off.

"Um. Yeah. Sure. I just... I can't face my parents tonight. I'll end up bashing their poor heads together if I have to sit through another night of them wanting to endlessly hug me and say that everything is going to be alright."

Regina attempted a small smile. "Now you know how I feel most of the time."

Emma gave a small chuckle and then wiped her hand over her tired and makeup-free face.

Regina continued. "However, I see your problem and I think we both know the solution. Go ahead and stay in the guest room again. I'll let your parents know and give them some excuse, perhaps that you had too much wine and can't drive."

Emma waved her hand dismissively. "Yeah sure, you know them... they'll buy anything."

Regina laughed and surprised them both with the sincerity and joy of it.

"I have to say, Miss Swan, there is a good side to you being the Dark One. I enjoy the chance to have someone who finally sees your parents the way I do!"

Emma attempted to scowl at her for the comment but the disapproving grimace didn't quite reach her eyes. Regina felt that those honest eyes betrayed a hidden smile from the blonde and it made her heart sing just a little.

An eventful summoning

Chapter Notes

Author's note: Thanks for the great response to this story! I'll reply to all the reviews when I get back from holiday. If you want to leave me a note, a prompt or ask me a question in the meantime – find me on Twitter, where I'm VioletscentedSQ or Facebook where I'm Violet Scented or my favourite, Tumblr, where I'm Violetscentedwriter.

The third time Regina summoned Emma it was to check if the blonde was alright. All of Storybrooke was talking about that Emma had argued with Hook and that she had ended up punching his lights out. When Hook came to, he had apparently started ranting about that Emma being a monster like Rumplestiltskin wasn't what he signed up for, and he had last been seen heading for the Jolly Roger.

Regina hoped he was gone for good, anyone who would only fight for Emma when she was pure and innocent wasn't worth even a lock of Emma's hair. When Regina had summoned Emma about ten minutes ago she had told Emma that and added that Killian Hook had clearly just loved the idea of the heroic and pretty girl who could save his dark heart.

However, reality was a whole lot more complicated and darker than that now and even Emma seemed relieved that she no longer had to worry about the selfish pirate. Still, the blonde was tightly wound and Regina was surprised that Hook had gotten away with just being punched. Emma looked like she wanted to *rip someone's throat out*.

Regina was glad that Henry was at his grandparents, she would hate for him to have to see one of his mothers like this. Emma was pacing back and forth like a tigress in a cage. Regina could see her working her jaws and clenching and unclenching her hands into fists. She could also see Emma's chest heaving with deep, angry breaths. It was strangely hypnotic and Regina couldn't stop looking at where the white tank top and bra were just barely covering the petite breasts which moved with Emma's agitated breaths.

That was when Regina noticed Emma's skin, it had started to shimmer. It wasn't the mottled green-gold skin that Rumplestiltskin had, at least not yet, but the formerly milky skin was certainly gleaming in a golden hue. For some reason it didn't repulse Regina, in fact, all it did was make her want to touch the skin to see if it still felt like Emma's own skin.

Her mind tried to call forth the times she had touched Emma's skin. When Emma saved her from the fire she had held her hand, the same with the séance to contact her mother and there were a few times when she had brushed against a naked arm or her fingers had made contact with Emma's while handing each other things. It surprised Regina just how well she could remember the feel of Emma's skin, she knew it as if she had touched it much more than she actually had.

Emma had stopped pacing and was looking straight at Regina now, this was what brought the Mayor out of her thoughts and back into the moment.

"What are you staring at?" Emma asked through gritted teeth.

Regina looked at the blonde. Emma's chest was still heaving with deep, hard breaths and the usually sea-green eyes looked dark and almost without an iris.

"I was just wondering if you had noticed the physical changes the curse is having on you," Regina replied calmly.

Emma scoffed and crossed her arms over her chest. "What? You mean the constant need to either fight or fuck everything I see?"

Regina started at the profanity and her eyes widened as she faced Emma. The blonde looked furious and strangely... challenging. As if she was daring Regina to say something about her last statement. Regina thought it safest to just ignore it.

"No, I meant the change in your skin tone. It seems to be darkening and well, so are your eyes."

"Are you saying that I'm turning hideous like Rumplestiltskin or drop dead gorgeous like you?" Emma asked and took a few slow strides towards Regina.

"L-like me?" Regina stuttered and resisted the urge to take a step back.

"Yeah. You know... golden skin and dark, beautiful eyes. Sounds like you," Emma said huskily and took another step towards Regina.

"My skin is *olive*, dear, and my eyes are *brown*," Regina corrected in a precise voice.

Another step closer. "So you *did* mean that I'm turning hideous like Rumple? Like a monster? Like Hook's crocodile?" Emma growled.

"*Emma Swan*, I think we both know you couldn't be hideous if you tried. And considering some of the beanies and outfits I have seen you in, I think you *have* tried," Regina drawled with a confidence she wasn't feeling. She wanted to make sure that Emma didn't feel like she was scaring her.

Emma stopped, just a few inches away from Regina. "I like it when you do that," she mumbled. "I like it when you say my name." Emma looked down at the floor as if she was searching for something.

Regina saw the confusion in Emma. Something was warring in the younger woman. Those last words had sounded so lost, so unsure.

Emma had sounded almost like a child and not at all like the furious predator from just a few seconds ago. The change was sudden and alarming, but Regina didn't let her unease show.

Emma looked back up, straight into Regina's eyes, and then gave a feral grin. Regina had never seen a smile like that on Emma's face. Sure, she had seen anger and hate on those dainty features but never a grin like this, smiles like this one was what the *Evil Queen* had used to give people. It looked out of place on the face of the brave and kind blonde, out of place and *mesmerising*. Regina realised that she was getting goosebumps as she looked at that smile.

"Emma. Are you alright? Do you need me to... restrain you?"

Emma gave a low, throaty chuckle. "Restrain me, Madam Mayor? We both know your magic is strong, but is it really a match for the Dark One?"

Regina stiffened her back before replying. "Alright. Then I'll fetch the dagger. Force you to calm down and return to your senses."

"Yeah. Sure. You could do that. Or do you could... not do it. And see what happens." Emma reached out a hand and slowly ran it over Regina's bare arm. "Don't you want to see what could happen? Do you think I'll hurt you? Do you think you'd *like* that?"

"Swan! Stop." Regina snapped, putting all her authority into the two words.

It worked partially as Emma retracted her hand, but that dangerous look was still in her eyes and it made the goosebumps on Regina's skin intensify. To her shame she could feel her nipples harden to the point where they were straining against the thin fabric of her bra and her grey dress. She feared that if she looked down she would see them sticking out obscenely, crying out for attention.

Emma gave a playful little hum. "I don't want to stop, Madam Mayor. I want more. Everyone else in this town suddenly seem... dumb and

weak. But not you. You're strong, resilient and so delicious that you make my stomach rumble. I just want to *eat you* up, Regina."

The double entendre wasn't lost on Regina, neither was the evil smirk that played on Emma's pink lips. Regina felt a single thud at the apex of her sex, as if she had developed a second heartbeat in her clit and it was responding to Emma's voice.

Regina felt ashamed and confused. She had never felt this way about a woman before. But now that she looked at Emma and remembered the times she had admired the other woman's impressive physique or her charming smile, she wondered if there had always been an attraction there. Or was it just that she was responding to the darkness in Emma now? She had always loved sex filled with equal amounts of desire and fury and now Emma was offering that. Was that what she was responding too?

Emma was still staring at her, *daring her* and still breathing in those deep breaths. Regina could smell the scent of Emma, a tiny tang of salty sweat mixing with something sweet. That sweet smell must be her soap or her shampoo. It smelled like... "apples?" Regina had said the last word out loud and Emma stared at her with confusion knitting her brows.

Regina cleared her throat. "You smell like apples," she explained hoarsely.

Emma's feral grin returned and she nodded. "Yeah. New lotion. I thought of you when I picked it out. I seem to be thinking about you quite a lot lately. Why is that?"

Regina made a last attempt to keep this safe and neutral. "Perhaps because we are friends now? Or because I'm the other parent of your child? Or perhaps because I'm the only one you feel you can turn to about this wretched curse? There's loads of reasons."

"Yeah, but none of them cover why I think about you *naked*," Emma growled.

Regina felt her heart race faster. She wasn't used to this, when someone dark was trying to seduce someone – it was usually *her* doing the seducing. This made her feel helpless and confused but also... strangely aroused.

Regina dipped her head in acknowledgment. "Ah. Well that is probably just the curse. You yourself pointed out that we have a violent past and perhaps the darkness in you recognizes that and has fixated on me. A fixation which takes different forms, possibly even erotic ones."

"Really? You think that's why I want to tear your clothes off and lick every inch of you?" Emma hissed in a low tone.

Regina tried to hide that she was swallowing thickly. That pulse in her clit was back, and it was beating *hard*.

"Yes. I think that the real Emma Swan is a nice, respectable heterosexual woman who just left a relationship with a handsome pirate. Anything you are feeling towards me now is just misplaced aggression," Regina stated in a voice that was far too deep to seem truly unaffected.

Emma took one last step forwards, bringing her so close to Regina that they could feel each other's hot breath against their faces.

"No offense, but you don't know shit about me, Madam Mayor. You only know what I let you see, just like everyone else in Storybrooke. I'm openly bisexual, I have been ever since I hit puberty. I only dated Hook because it was nice to be loved and needed and because I felt like *I should*. It was the right thing to do. But you know what... I'm done doing the right thing. I'm gonna do what I wanna do from now on. And guess what, Regina.... I want to *do you*."

There was no escaping the fact that she was turned on now. Regina could feel the heat between her legs slowly turning to liquid and she realised that she hadn't been this wet, this fast, for a very long time. If ever.

Emma was looking at her plump, red lips and Regina couldn't help but dart out her tongue to lick at them. Emma groaned at the gesture and mumbled, "shit, you have the sexiest fucking mouth I have ever seen."

The compliment and the profanity thrilled Regina. Emma's dark side was so irresistible! But she had promised to look after Emma and help her. If the former Sheriff couldn't control herself, then she would have to. Regina felt an uneasy feeling in her stomach as she wondered if giving in to this wouldn't be almost as bad as when she was using Graham.

"Emma, stop! This isn't right, this isn't you! It's just the compulsions and hunger of the darkness. You can't control yourself, so I'll have to help you. Take a few steps back and a few deep breaths. This should all pass in a moment," she said in a shaky voice.

Emma clenched her jaw so tight that Regina could hear her teeth grind together. Then she shook her head and replied. "No, I *fought* the actions of the darkness, remember? Those strong impulses of hurting my parents ... I could control that. This... this is different. I've wanted you for a long time but I knew that you were out of bounds. You were my enemy, Henry's other mother, bound to Robin and... well... straight."

"I'm still a few of those things, Emma. I'm almost your step grandmother too! You can't... we can't do this. Please take a moment to calm yourself," Regina said and felt her libido groan at her attempts to stop this wonderful sexual tension.

"Yeah, but which things? You have been avoiding Robin, so much that I think he's considering choosing Zelena over you... and when it comes to you being straight... well, straight women don't look at me the way you are right now. The step-grandmother thing is bullshit and we both know it," Emma said as she reached out a hand and once again ran it over Regina's arm, caressing the goosebumps that still covered Regina's heated skin.

With a smirk, Emma continued. "What matters here is that I have wanted you since the first time you gave me that angered I-want-to-fuck-you-to-death look back when I came to town, but I convinced myself that sex wasn't on your mind like it was on mine. Everything that has happened now.... Well, with both of us knowing so much more about each other... I think *you might* have felt some of the attraction I did back then, after all. Well I wasted that chance, I'm not wasting this one. I want you, Regina, and that's not the darkness talking. It's me."

Regina took a step back and felt the wall behind her. The strange thing about that was how happy she was to feel it there. That wall stopped her from moving away from Emma, she would just have to stand there and let Emma do whatever she wanted.

Well, that wasn't really true, they both knew that she could poof away any second she wanted to but they both ignored that, it didn't fit in with the game they both seemed to be playing. Emma wanted to trap Regina and for the first time in Regina's life... she wanted to be trapped. Trapped, seduced and *punished*.

Regina couldn't help it. She gave a low moan which seemed to come from the very core of her body. That was all the invitation Emma needed, she lunged forwards and clasped her mouth to the side of Regina's neck, licking, sucking and biting greedily.

For some reason it seemed totally normal to Regina that Emma hadn't gone for her mouth. This was not a time for kisses or embraces. This wasn't comfort and romance, this was fire and it was going to *burn*.

Regina slid her arms around Emma and grabbed onto Emma's pert little ass with both hands. She squeezed the soft but muscled buttocks and Emma growled into the neck kisses.

Emma's kisses were growing more and more feral and were more bites than kisses now. It hurt but Regina felt only pleasure in all the pain. Suddenly Emma leaned back and grabbed the neckline of Regina's dress. She yanked it down and ripped the thin fabric enough

for it to break in the seams and be dragged down towards Regina's stomach. It hurt when the straining fabric ripped against her shoulders and Regina gave a plaintive yelp.

Emma ignored it and shoved Regina harder against the wall, digging into Regina's waist with one hand and pinning one slim shoulder with the other. Then the blonde attacked the top of Regina's left breast, licking and biting at the top of the mound protruding from the cup of the bra. Suddenly Regina felt intense pain as Emma bit down on the exposed flesh, but the bite wasn't just a normal bite. This hurt too much.

Regina gave a little scream and grabbed a fistful of Emma's hair and yanked the blonde's head away. When Emma's mouth came off her breast, Regina could see that Emma's front teeth had changed. They looked pointy and were dripping with dark blood. Regina looked down and saw puncture wounds on her breast and blood spilling out from the teeth marks and seeping into her bra.

Emma stared at it too and gasped. Suddenly her eyes seemed to grow a shade lighter, closer to her normal eye colour. As Regina watched Emma's face she saw the feral look exchange for one of horror and guilt.

"Oh god, Regina. I'm so sorry. I-I-I don't know what came over me, I was just...."

"Acting on instinct. I know. It's alright, Emma. It was an accident. This is what happens when you let the darkness build up too much," Regina said shakily and waved her hand over her breast, healing the wounds quickly and cleaning up the blood.

Emma stumbled backwards with her hand clasped over her mouth. "Regina, I pounced on you. I... hurt you. I convinced you to do something you didn't want to. I'm so sorry!"

Regina followed Emma's backwards stumble and made sure she stayed close. The last thing she wanted was for Emma to feel like she had

scared her off. Emma's body tensed up so much that she looked like a coiled spring, ready to pop out. Soon her strong shoulders began to shake and tears formed in the once more sea-green eyes.

Emma gulped down a sob but they both knew that there was no way she would be able to hold this in. It had all been too much for the blonde. A sniff broke out and that opened the floodgates, Emma began to cry and sob mercilessly.

Regina watched her for a brief second, not sure about what to do. She had never been good at this sort of thing, but she felt Emma's pain and guilt so deeply that she couldn't help but close the gap between them and embrace Emma gently.

"Shhh, it's alright, dear," she cooed and held the blonde very close to her body.

Sobbing violently, Emma buried her face in the crook of Regina's neck, and hot tears streamed down Regina's naked shoulder and into her torn dress which was still bunched around her waist.

Emma cried like an injured child – wildly and completely unrestrained. Regina held her tight and wished that some of the people she had hurt throughout the years could forgive her as fully as she forgave Emma what little wrong the blonde had done.

But she knew that Emma wasn't just crying because she had hurt Regina or because she had tried to coerce her into rough sex, Emma was crying because her life had been turned upside down, and it wasn't the first time that happened to the blonde. Every time Emma had built up something good and safe, the world seemed to come along and tear it down, like ocean waves eradicating a child's sandcastle. Now it was happening again and Regina knew that it was happening because Emma had sacrificed herself for her.

The tears kept falling and trickling down over Regina's skin. Strangely, it didn't feel uncomfortable. Regina had been certain that holding

Emma, still not someone she was completely at ease with, would be odd and strained. Instead it felt natural and safe.

Regina allowed herself the small luxury of enjoying the embrace while Emma cried out her fear, sadness and frustration. Soon Regina realised that she had buried her face in Emma's hair and was nuzzling into the soft and recently cleaned tresses. Her hands were rubbing soft circles into Emma's back and she was enjoying how perfectly their bodies entwined, they just fit against each other.

Regina wondered if it was always like this when two women hugged. Maybe it was? Soft, slim forms with curves that yielded into each other instead of broad, hard chests? But then she remembered hugging her mother, Snow and that one time with Katherine, and realised that while the anatomy was the same, this felt different. Hers and Emma's body fitted together so perfectly because they both *wanted them too*. They were both trying to meld into each other, to get closer and to have more of each other. There was a mutual need and an understanding in this embrace.

She guessed that Emma was just being so needy because she required comfort... but still, there was those words that Emma had said. *I've wanted you for a long time but I knew that you were out of bounds*.

Regina felt a shiver down her spine and couldn't decide what had caused it. She let herself caress Emma's hair and whisper into it. "It's all going to be fine, dear. I'm going to help you. It's my turn to do the saving."

Coffee and crystalline imps

It was 11 minutes past 10 and Henry had just gone to bed. Regina went down to the kitchen to turn the coffeemaker on and as the dark liquid filtered into the pot she took a deep breath and summoned Emma.

In a flash the blonde appeared, all shimmering skin and tired eyes but still with a faint smile.

"Hey."

"Hey," Regina replied with an uneasy smile.

"I wasn't sure you were going to summon me tonight. Considering how tense things were when we were scouring your magic books," Emma said with an embarrassed look at the brunette.

Regina considered her reply. It really had been a strange and strained mood in the vault today. Emma and Henry had joined her in checking her modest library of magic books down in her dark and cool vault. It had been a waste of time of course, Regina knew those books from back to front and neither Emma nor Henry could read half-elvish and were therefore useless really, but it had made them all feel better as they knew they were trying *something*.

"I agree that it was a bit quiet today, but I think that is quite natural considering the occurrences last night. However, nothing happened that either of us have to be ashamed or frightened of. So we should continue trying to break the curse by day and giving you a chance to relax and talk about your struggle at night."

"Talk?" Emma said with a smile that was half mischief and half shyness.

Regina couldn't help but smile back. "Yes, talk. I think we should both try to keep our hands to ourselves tonight."

"*Our* hands? That makes it sound like last night wasn't all me, Madam Mayor."

Regina shot her a look and gave a hint of a smirk but didn't reply. Instead she took out two light grey coffee mugs and filled them with the steaming hot coffee. Without asking, she went and got some milk to pour into Emma's. If there was one thing Regina prided herself on, it was remembering how people she cared about took their coffee.

As Emma took the mug she sighed, "ah, you're an angel. Thanks." Then she took a long sip and hummed contentedly.

Regina took a sip too, savouring the warm, bitter yet nutty taste of the black coffee filling her mouth. Something about coffee always made her feel more prepared to face her problems. It certainly was one of the best things about this realm. Not as nice as indoor plumbing and penicillin of course, but perhaps a good third.

"So, how are you feeling?" Regina asked and gingerly cupped the thick mug with both hands.

"Tired. It's getting harder and harder to be normal and polite around people. After we were done in the vault this afternoon I popped into the sheriff's office to see if I could return to duty, but I had a two minute conversation with Leroy in the drunk tank and found myself wanting to set fire to his beard."

Regina winced. "Ah, perhaps not ready for duty, then."

"Not unless we want town justice to be me burning facial hair off people, no. It's driving me crazy that I can't be useful though."

"You are still useful, Emma. You are a symbol for the people of Storybrooke. Their *brave saviour* who can weather anything and who always does the right thing. I'm sure they are as aware as I am that

most people would have crumbled under the curse by now and started to lash out and control people."

"Well, it's been close a few times but so far so good. I'm really worried that it's gonna get worse though," Emma muttered gravely and drank some more coffee.

Regina took a dainty sip of her coffee too and then put her mug down on the kitchen counter next to her.

"Ah, that brings me to my suggestion for the evening. I've got an activity that might just help you let off some steam before your predicament gets worse," Regina stated simply.

Emma raised her eyebrows and a suggestive smirk immediately appeared on her rosey pink lips.

Regina glared at her and tried to ignore the fact that her stomach had done a little backflip at what Emma silently was suggesting.

"At the end of our search today I did find an interesting spell in one of my older magic tomes. It describes how a novice learning magic can practice spells on crystalline imps."

"Excuse me, on... what now?" Emma asked with a furrowed brow.

"Crystalline imps. They are little crystal-like creatures that live in the deepest recesses of caves in the Enchanted Forest. They are cruel little creatures who suck blood for nourishment and like to cause havoc for recreation. As they have no natural enemies they tend to multiply to insane amounts, making them good for... shall we say, magic target practice. You could use them as an outlet for your darker urges and practice your magic at the same time. "

Emma still looked confused. "Um. Okay, but we're here and they are in the Enchanted Forest. How am I gonna practice on them?"

Regina sighed as if Emma was asking the most childish and unnecessary questions. "I was getting to that. Just like mermaids, crystalline imps can travel between realms. According to the book I read today, if you summon them in any realm they should just appear, especially if you have magic as they drawn to that. However, they are unlikely to want to leave again and they can create quite the chaos despite their small stature, so we have to make sure we don't let them escape out into Storybrooke."

"Oh don't worry about that, I'll kill every last one of the little bastards," Emma grunted with a cruel vehemence that Regina had only seen in Emma's eyes when the blonde was protecting someone she loved.

Regina wondered if this was the right thing to do. Obviously Emma couldn't just practice on straw filled dummies, if that could work she might as well have been contend with punching pillows. No, it had to be something that could feel the sting, or the darkness wouldn't be satisfied. Crystalline imps were foul creatures, preferring to drink blood from children and the young of animals rather than adults simply because they enjoyed attacking the helpless first and their parents afterwards, if any creatures deserved and needed to be culled, it was them.

But still. Regina knew that when Emma had fought the Dark One curse and was once again the normal, fair heroine that everyone adored – it might plague her conscience to know that she killed sentient beings that hadn't done anything to her personally. *Well, we'll have to cross that bridge when we get to it. Right now the new Dark One needs bloodshed and better it be imps than Leroy and his beard*, Regina thought and tried to relax the tension in her shoulders.

Emma stood with one hand holding her mug and the other in her pocket. She was looking at the floor, seemingly lost in thought and she sounded tired as she asked, "did you practice on these crystal imp thingies when you were taught magic?"

"Crystalline imps," Regina corrected. "And no, I did not. Rumplestiltskin preferred me to practice my magic on innocent

humans and unicorns, I'm afraid. I believe he was trying to... harden my heart."

Emma looked up and seemed to be searching Regina's face. "That's really shitty. I'm sorry. I guess I never thought about what kind of training you had to go through to become the one who would cast that curse of his."

As she began to reply, Regina brushed some non-existing dust off the sleeve of the blouse she was wearing to not have to face Emma. She noticed that her hands were trembling slightly.

"It was a steep learning curve. I can't just blame him, nor my mother nor even the influence of one of my greatest role models – Maleficent. There was darkness deep inside of me and their treatment of me brought that out and fed it until it took over everything else in me. Still, that little bit of darkness in me is something I have to take responsibility for, just like my actions when I finally became the monster they wanted me to be. Let us not forget that Rumple was, as we now both know, acting under the powerful influence of the Dark One curse. We can't judge him too harshly, no matter how much I'd like to. "

"Still, from someone who spends every waking moment fighting dark urges... I'm sorry you were put in that situation," Emma said with eyes gleaming with sympathy.

Regina felt hope burrow into her heart. Glittering skin and murderous urges aside, Emma Swan was clearly still in there and her empathy and care could shine through the darkness.

"Good. Keep feeling sorry. Your empathy will fight the darkness," Regina mumbled and picked up her coffee to have a sip, more to have something to do than because she wanted more of the jet black drink.

"Yeah. Um. So, how do we get these imps over here so I can zap them?"

"I memorized the spell, it was quite straightforward, so all I need to do is say the words and then lure them here with the appealing taste of my magic. They'll want to feast on that so they should come quite willingly," Regina explained and put the coffee back down.

Emma was grinning at her and Regina arched an eyebrow before asking what was so amusing.

"Oh you know, just thinking that I'd *come* for your *appealing taste* as well," Emma said and licked her lips as she stared at the faint pulse on Regina's neck. "You know, one of my fosterdads had this pricy French cognac that he would offer to guests he wanted to impress. It had all these complex flavours and a sweet but spicy aftertaste. Your skin tastes like that cognac and sun-warm cherries. I've been mulling it over all day and that is what I figured out."

Regina chuckled derisively to hide the fact that she felt flattered and a little embarrassed. "Expensive cognac and cherries?"

"Yeah. That cognac and black cherries, just picked off a tree on a sunny day," Emma said without taking her eyes off the, now quicker, pulse point on Regina's slender neck.

Regina gave a cough as she tried to ignore the warmth in her chest and between her legs.

"Well, Miss Swan, perhaps we should occupy ourselves more with the bloodthirsty little creatures I am about to call forth and less about the taste of my skin?"

Emma shrugged. "You're in charge here, your Majesty."

Regina glared at her.

"Not *your Majesty*? Fine, we'll stick with *Madam Mayor* then. Unless you were angling for *mistress*?" Emma said with a suggestive and hungry look.

"Emma." The way Regina said her name showed very clearly that she was through with this game and Emma held out her hands in an apologetic gesture.

"Fine. Call in the little glass monkeys and I'll get my killing spree on," Emma said and cracked her knuckles.

Regina glared at her and fought to keep calm. "You could take this more seriously."

Emma scoffed and looked at the brunette with despondency in her eyes. "Regina. If I took my current situation too seriously, I'd go crazy."

Regina thought back to the things she had done in the throes of darkness; Hansel and Gretl being sent to the witch, people being killed for looking at her the wrong way... and then the unforgivable murder of her father... *going crazy* was most certainly a risk and one that should be avoided at any cost and by any means necessary.

Subtly and slowly, Regina dipped her head in agreement. "As you wish. Alright, are you ready for me to summon the crystalline imps?"

"Yep. Send 'em my way," Emma said and set her jaw in a tight, determined grimace.

"Good. Put your coffee mug down and we will go into the unused room in the attic. It's empty and has plenty of room for mayhem and most importantly no breakables or any proximity to where Henry is trying to sleep," Regina said and began to walk towards the stairs.

"You have a whole room you just don't use?" Emma asked in disbelief.

"Yes, dear. I don't have much in storage, anything magical is in the vault and Henry's old toys, drawings and report cards are in boxes in the basement. I always planned that when Henry was older he might want some sort of games room in the attic, but so far he hasn't shown

any interest in that. Now that I have explained my living arrangements, can we please get on with what we are here for?"

"We can if you drop the pointless, bitchy attitude. If you don't, I might just be taking my bloodlust out on you instead."

Regina turned at Emma's words. Not only were they usually cruel and blunt for Emma, they were also spoken in a menacing hiss which sent a chill down even Regina's unusually brave spine. She decided to ignore it but thought to herself that the sooner they gave Emma an outlet for her darkness, the better.

They kept on walking and after a few sets of stairs and some very light, quiet steps past Henry's door, they came to a small door which when opened showed a surprisingly dust-free and large empty room. Regina pulled a string and a naked lightbulb high up in the ceiling came on and spread faint light through the room.

They both stepped in, closed the door behind them and then shared the same look as they did whenever they fought a monster together. Emma's eyes silent asked if Regina was ready to start them off and the Mayor nodded.

She brought her hands up to let her magic gather in the room and then slowly recited the strange words of the spell.

Her magic glowed purple tonight and with the light from the lightbulb it illuminated the room in an eerie mix of lavender magic and faint electric light.

As soon as Regina finished the last word and fell silent, something sparkled in the middle of the gathered light. The sparkle turned out to be the light glinting off a crystalline little arm. The arm was soon joined by the rest of the first imp's body and when it was fully formed, another started to appear, and then another... until there was four of them.

Then Regina brought her hands down and her magic faded out. Both she and the blonde stared at the four creatures which were about the size of a human one year old but without any of its cuteness. They looked like you would expect an imp to look, all pointy nose, peevish little eyes and tipped ears. What made them different was that they had wings and they were entirely made of crystal. If you looked close enough you could see little intestines and internal organs, all made of what looked like crystal or glass, inside their little torsos.

It was hard to get a closer look though, because now they started flitting about the room, occasionally diving to ruffle either of the women's hair with their long crystal claws or bite at their shoulders and arms.

They made a high-pitched shrieking noise which cut through both of the women in the attic. It didn't take Emma long to decide to attack. She raised her arms and shot volleys of magic at the shrieking creatures. The imps were fast but Emma was relentless and focused all her energy on shooting the lethal magic at the attacking foes. She caught one with a beam of magic so powerful that the impact of it shattered the creature and made tiny shards of glass rain down on them.

Regina quickly created a temporary magic shield over their heads so the glass bounced off. Emma looked at her and breathlessly said "thanks."

Regina looked at her and opened her mouth to say that she was welcome when she saw how utterly *happy* Emma looked. It shocked her, Emma hadn't looked this happy for a long time and then it was usually when she was doing something fun with Henry.

Now Emma was attacking the creatures with the glee of a child with a new toy and the relief of a starving person having a hearty meal. After a while, Emma's attacks became more inventive. When she had killed two of the imps with streams of magic, she somehow created a lasso made of her magic, which now glowed burgundy, and pulled the

creature to her. Its little arms were caught in the lasso and it helplessly struggled against it, biting the air viciously when it got close to Emma.

When the imp was almost in biting range Emma actually reached out and punched its little face. She punched it hard enough to crack its nose and her hand came away bloody from both the crystal and the vicious bite that the imp managed to get in. Emma ignored the pain and the blood pouring out of the wounds and for some reason punched it again, this time harder. A chip of its pointy chin came off but other than that, the most of the damage seemed to be done to Emma's hand.

Regina was worried. Not just because Emma seemed to be punching her hand to bloody rags on a creature which was sustaining mildly *less* damage than she was, but also because Emma seemed oblivious to the fourth imp which had attached to her back and was biting her shoulder hard.

Regina worried her lower lip. Should she intervene? She wanted to help Emma but she could see from the blonde's ecstatic expression that the younger woman *needed* this. Still, this was starting to feel unhealthy and it looked like it was getting out of hand.

Discreetly, Regina waved her hand and shoot a small volley of magic towards the imp on Emma's back. It lost its grip and fell down to the floor with a bit of Emma's clothing in its mouth and some of her red blood dripping down its translucent body.

Emma just carried on punching the imp in the lasso, she had switched to her left hand now and was grunting every time her fist impacted with the still struggling and half-broken imp.

Regina winced when she saw Emma's beautiful hands being punched to bruised and bloodied pulp against the crystal. She wanted to stop this, but Emma's face.... She looked so much more calm and confident now. The manic ecstasy was gone and had been replaced with a look of purpose and strength. Suddenly Emma stopped punching it and raised a bloody hand to send a stream of magic to its chest.

The magic stream was measured to be milder, as the creature was so close, and it did a good job of smashing the crystal of its body in a way which didn't send the shards cascading at Emma. Instead it sort of seemed to collapse into itself and the bits of glass fell to the floor in front of the blonde.

The Dark One stepped back, chest heaving with quick breath and fists drenched in her own blood. She took a step back to where the imp which had been on her back had fallen. It was still dazed but it was slowly getting up. It shook its little head and then gave a shrill shriek before attacking Emma's leg and sinking its sharp crystal teeth into her leg through her black jeggings.

Emma gave a low scream and automatically shot a ray of red magic at the creature. It was momentarily stunned by the magic, but it had locked its jaws onto Emma's leg and seemed to be instinctively drinking her blood despite being almost unconscious. Regina could see Emma's warm blood begin to fill the imp's translucent stomach and it made her blaze with anger and a wish to protect Emma.

Just as Emma reached her hand up to shoot more magic at it, Regina raised her own hands and with a murmured spell fired magic at it. Her spell guided the magic to not just crush the creature but to physically rip it limb from limb.

This meant that the now dead imp lay on the floor in six distinct pieces, its head, two arms, two legs and the winged torso with the small stomach half-filled with blood.

The room was silent as Emma looked from Regina to the dismembered imp and then back again. When Regina faced her, Emma gave a big, beaming smile and breathlessly whispered "you're fucking amazing. Show me how to do that! And get me more imps!"

"No. I don't think that's wise, Emma. Your hands are nearly crushed, your shoulder and your leg are bleeding profusely and you have gathered so much adrenaline that I don't trust you not to accidentally

overdo the magic and burn the attic down. Now come here and let me heal you," Regina said firmly.

"No! I'm just getting started. Let me have more of them, I want to do that tearing thing you did!" Emma blustered angrily.

Regina took one look at her dark, wild eyes and her chest still heaving with quick breath and felt both worried for the younger woman and simultaneously strangely weak at the knees. Emma looked like a wolf who had just had their first taste of blood.

"Emma, no. It's not a good idea. When you have calmed down a little and I have healed you we can continue."

Emma stalked over, dripping blood in her wake, and when she was close enough to kiss Regina she hissed "Get. Me. More. Imps, woman."

Regina felt anger at the tone and the wording of the request but she also felt a strange pull towards Emma. There was as much sexual tension as there was bloodlust in the room now and Regina couldn't help herself. She slapped Emma hard and in her lowest, most dangerous voice growled, "control yourself! And do NOT speak to me that way if you wish for me to continue to help you."

Emma took the slap and then looked at Regina with rage in her eyes. Regina wasn't sure if Emma was going to hit her or something worse, but a shameful part of her hoped that Emma would pounce on her like she had last night and lick and bite her.

Regina felt herself start to get aroused at the mere thought and her cheeks blushed crimson.

Emma stared at her and her pink lips gathered in a snarl. She moved even closer to Regina, so close that their bodies brushed up against each other and Regina could smell the intoxicating mix of blood, faint sweat and sweet apple lotion on Emma. Then she brought a slim,

bloodied hand up to Regina's face and let her index finger caress along the brunette's jawline.

Regina raised her head defiantly and felt Emma's finger follow the movement. Emma licked her lips and then hoarsely whispered, "Oh god, Regina. I don't know if I want to fuck your brains out or punch you."

Regina didn't flinch or let any hesitation into her voice as she replied. "Perhaps both. That's why you need to calm down and regain control."

"Is that because you don't want me to punch you or because you don't want me to fuck you," Emma asked almost tentatively, her voice returning to some of its normal timbre and cadence.

Regina couldn't help it. She smiled a wicked smirk and replied "well I certainly don't want you to *punch* me."

Regina hadn't expected Emma to smile so hugely at that answer, but the blonde gave her a big beaming puppy smile. A smile that was all Emma Swan and not at all the Dark One.

It made Regina's heart do somersaults and she was barely breathing as she raised a hand up to Emma's, which was still by her face, and slowly healed the beautiful bleeding limb.

Emma gave a little hum of relief and Regina could see that she had calmed quite considerably. Soon Regina continued healing Emma's other hand and then her shoulder and leg. When Emma was all healed and ready for another round, Regina stood back and raised her hands to begin the summoning of the imps.

Before she began to chant the words, Emma interrupted her by quietly saying "thank you."

Regina looked at her and smiled with all the warmth she felt in her heart and replied "you are so very welcome, Emma."

Then she called forth more blood-sucking imps for slaughter.

That night

Chapter Notes

Author note: Here comes the last three chapters of this fic. It's extremely steamy and sometimes quite rough. I apologize if there are any mistakes as I wrote it all in one long sitting. Thank you to everyone reading and enjoying this story. (An extra thanks if you recommend it to others or spread it on social media.)

The next time Regina summoned Emma, they continued like they had the night before. A quick chat to see how Emma was holding up, a few sips of coffee and then up to the attic to allow Emma to let off steam and release her demons by killing *actual little demons*.

Occasionally they would flirt, either in awkward, sweet affection or in burning and explosive sexual desire. Changing from sweet looks to objectifying stares in mere seconds in a dance which left them both breathless and equally frustrated and happy.

The next night after that was different though. It was *that* night. The one when Regina had taken such care with her preparation and her cranberry-coloured dress was caressing her supple body hiding the seductive black lace underneath. That night when Regina remembered the evenings she had summoned the Dark One. It was that night and Regina still wasn't sure if this was wise. Flirting with Emma was one thing, but inviting further sexual advances... it could be a terrible idea.

But in the end it didn't matter what she wore or how she had or had not primed and prepared, she would summon Emma anyway and the evening would either end up with the two of them in bed or the two of

them doing their normal darkness-taming exercises. Regina gave a small smirk as she wondered if the two were actually mutually exclusive.

She took a deep breath, filling her lungs as if she was diving under water, and then said the words. "Emma Swan – I summon thee."

Emma appeared, skin shimmering even more golden with slight hints of copper and green when the light hit it in a certain way. The skin still looked smooth and soft though and Emma in no way looked frightening or unpleasant, she just looked like she had picked a strange shade of body glitter.

Emma looked up at Regina to say hello and then froze with her mouth slightly open.

My, god... she looks even more amazing than ever, Emma thought and felt her pulse quicken. The blonde watched her hostess sit on her chair, primly but not uneasy, with the dagger in her lap.

Emma could see her run her fingers over the name embedded in the blade and shivered with pleasure, as if Regina's elegant fingers were caressing her and not the dagger.

Impulses and voices crowded Emma's mind, all suggesting forbidden things Emma should rush over to Regina and do. *Nibble her earlobes, lick her skin, tear that dress off, suck her nipples, spank her, spread her legs, take her, eat her, slide inside her, pleasure her, devour her... devour her... devour her....*

Emma closed her eyes tight and tried to fight the darkness which for once had stopped suggesting that Emma do cruel and violent things and instead insisted that Emma do violently sexual things. And only to one person. Only to *Regina*.

Emma didn't need to be told that it was responding to external stimuli, her own desire and fascination with the stunning Mayor. Regina was the yin to her yang and she needed her in every way now. Why did the

brunette have to look so perfect tonight? Didn't she know how hard Emma was fighting to resist her?

Regina smiled and slowly crossed her legs.

Emma felt her body ache with desire. Her nipples had hardened painfully against the fabric of her bra and Emma wondered if they could be seen through it the shirt she was wearing. The blood was rushing in her ears and she had a suspicion that it was all heading to her crotch. Those voices kept whispering in her mind. *Take her, she has shown you that she wants it. Take her and make her feel your desire. Take her and make her beg to come on your tongue.*

Emma stumbled a few steps forward, dizzy from the strongest arousal of her life and from fighting the dark urges.

"Emma! Are you alright?" Regina asked and got up to place a steadying hand on Emma's elbow.

The touch of Regina's hand felt electric and Emma felt wetness begin to seep into her underwear.

"I'm o-ok... just... t-trying to resist," Emma stuttered.

Regina's forehead furrowed and the movement drew Emma's attention to the vein that had become visible there. Emma nervously licked her lips as she thought of the hot blood pulsing through that vein whenever Regina got upset or emotional. Then she thought of the veins she had seen on Regina's hands and without having time to stop herself she grabbed one of Regina's hands and licked the slightly protruding veins.

Regina's worried look turned to flattered mirth as she realised what it was Emma was trying to resist. It wasn't an urge to hurt people or to burn Storybrooke down this time. Emma was trying to resist *her*. Suddenly Regina felt like her stomach was filled with champagne, bubbles spreading in her stomach and chest and making her comfortably giddy and excited.

The tongue sliding against the back of her hand was hot and greedy but seemed to be making carefully set patterns. There was no erratic movements or slobbering over the licking, it was caressing, controlled and just *perfect*.

Emma turned her hand over and licked her palm, then the wet tongue slid over the sensitive skin of the brunette's wrist and Regina couldn't stop herself from quietly moaning.

Emma looked up at the sound and the dark look in those intense eyes made Regina's heart beat so unbelievably fast. God, this rush was incredible. They both looked at each other and for the first time saw the exact same thing – a loving, goodhearted woman who was the mother of their child but who also had a dark side teeming with violence and power. The perfect combination of safe love and dangerous sex.

Suddenly Emma realised that she wanted to hurt Regina again. Not like she wanted to hurt the townspeople but in a sexual way. She wanted to bite Regina everywhere, she wanted to spank and slap her and she wanted to *enter her so damn hard and deep*.

She suddenly felt ashamed. She wasn't usually like that in bed, sure she could like it a little bit wild sometimes, but the way she wanted to bend Regina over and ravish her until she was sore from penetration and too many orgasms right now – felt wrong. Emma worried that she couldn't control it. What if she went too far? She couldn't do that to Regina, she loved her too much. Wait... she loved her?

Emma suddenly looked at Regina differently, her pupils back to normal size and the sea-green of her irises visible once more. She looked at the woman, whom together with their son, had become the most important person in her life. *Shit, I really do love her*, she thought and felt the realisation sink in. *What do I do now? I'm a monster, I'll end up hurting her!*

"Emma. Dear... are you alright?" Regina asked as she tried to judge the strange look in Emma's eyes. It was a searching look and it seemed

almost... frightened? But what was there to be scared of? Together they were more powerful than could be put into words, they didn't need to be frightened.

Emma quickly let go of Regina's now wet hand. "Y-yes. I'm fine. Maybe we should get up to the attic and kill some imps," Emma muttered with her gaze trained on the floor.

Regina felt the disappointment land in her stomach like a lead balloon. Where had she gone wrong? Had Emma decided that she wasn't right for her? Was it her past? Surely Emma could understand that now that she had felt what it was like having darkness compel you to do things? Was it Hook? No, he was out of the picture. Suddenly it dawned on Regina that Emma didn't know what was going on with her and Robin.

It's worth a try, Regina thought as she decided to give Emma all the facts.

"Of course. But before we go up I think you should know that I'm not in any way involved with Robin anymore. We sat down and talked it through today and I told him that I didn't love him the way I should. The love I have for him is more... fondness. Anything else I thought was there was just wishful thinking. I wanted to love him so very much, but I just couldn't. So we are merely friends now."

Emma realised that she hadn't even thought of that. How could she forget that Robin was meant to be Regina's soulmate!? One of her dark little voices whispered that it was because she knew that Regina never looked at him the way she looked at her, but Emma pushed it away.

"I'm sorry you didn't find your happy ending with him, but I'm glad you could at least be friends," Emma said earnestly.

Then the pain hit her, that horrible all-consuming pins and needles feeling through her entire body, that pain which came when she didn't let her dark urges out. She doubled over where she stood and clenched her jaws so tightly that she didn't notice that she had trapped a bit of her cheek between her teeth until the taste of blood filled her mouth.

Regina crouched down in front of her. "You are holding too much back, Emma. We either need to get up to the attic now or you have to... do something to me."

Through gritted teeth Emma muttered, "the attic. Imps. Now."

Regina felt rejected and strangely insulted. Surely Emma knew what she was offering? Why would she prefer a murder spree on demons?

"As you wish," she said tersely and poofed them up into the attic. Then she stood back and without asking if the pained blonde was ready, she began summoning the crystalline imps.

Only two emerged this time. Emma was glad for that since yesterday's first summoning had brought seven of the little devils and it was hard to get them all before they overwhelmed her and tried to drink her dry. Not that Regina would have let that happen of course, but still, Emma wanted to impress Regina and show that she could do this on her own.

Emma tried to stand up and ignore the pain. Shamefully she knew that violence would ease her discomfort and so she kicked the first imp, who had made the mistake of flying low enough to be within distance of Emma's boot.

It shrieked and backed off only to then attack her with more fervour. Emma kicked at it again, this time missing completely as it dodged and then flew higher. She then shot magic at it and barely hit it, the magic just grazing its side and giving it a flesh wound and a singed wing. Its companion attacked Emma from the back and the blonde very nearly let it get to her neck, moving aside in the very last second.

What is wrong with her tonight, Regina thought. She can't be in that much pain that she keeps making these silly mistakes, surely?

She wasn't. The pain was subsiding as the struggle went on. The problem was that this wasn't what her body wanted to be doing. Yes, it was alleviating her dark urges but it wasn't giving her what she wanted. She wanted Regina. Images of Regina writhing on a bed and

of Regina coming while screaming her name filled her mind and made her unable to focus on the crystalline imps.

What she wanted was right over there. Standing there looking perfect in a tight dress and exquisite makeup. Emma knew how long Regina must have spent on getting ready tonight and as she had seen the brunette in black trousers and a purple sweater earlier today – this outfit was clearly just for *her*. Still, she didn't dare to give in and just go take what she wanted. She couldn't trust herself not to hurt Regina again.

These thoughts made her too distracted and now both the imps were on her, one attached to her arm and the other to the back of her leg. Both had sunk their teeth into her and were drinking blood. Despite the gruesome pain of it, Emma felt more annoyed than frightened and raised her hand to magically blast the imp on her arm, after all, now that it was sitting still there was no way she would miss.

She never got the chance though because Regina mumbled a long incantation and suddenly the two imps froze, their glass bodies turned to ice. Then Regina waved her hand and the ice cracked into pieces and fell to the floor where it began to melt into water.

Emma stared up at Regina. "What the hell did you do that for?! I had them! I was just gonna kill the one on my arm. Get your own goddamn imps!"

Regina didn't know if it was the real Emma getting angry or just the impulses of the Dark One but one way or another it made her own hot temper boil over.

"Excuse me?! You were making a mess of the whole attack, I had to help you before they drank you like a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon. And by the way those *were* my imps. I summoned them, remember?"

Emma took a few hostile steps closer to Regina until they were face to face. "Yeah, well you summoned me too... doesn't mean I'm yours."

Regina clenched her hands into fists at her side. "No, but the way you look at me does. You can pretend to be above me all you want, Miss Swan, but the darkness reveals what you really want. You want me, no matter how you try to hide that shameful secret!"

That was it. Emma didn't think anymore. She reached out a foot and kicked it under Regina's high heels, felling the brunette and making her drop backward to the ground.

Just as Regina closed her eyes at the oncoming impact with the floor, and wondered why she had to fall to the damned floor all the time, she was stopped by Emma moving unnaturally fast and suddenly laying on top of her with one hand shielding Regina's head from the floor and the other on her ass.

They magically hovered in the air, just an inch or two from the floor, for a short while and then Emma lowered them down.

She laid her body flat over Regina's and used her hands to pin the brunette's arms to the floor. She felt so unbelievably *hungry* and she knew just what she wanted to eat. Nothing else mattered to Emma Swan in that moment but how delicious Regina Mills was, how inviting and challenging and... perfect she was.

She stared at Regina's face and saw lust, excitement and a tiny hint of fear there. In a low voice Emma growled, "I'm sorry, but I'm just going to have to fuck you right here and now."

"Finally," Regina drawled breathlessly and smirked up at Emma.

Emma shook her head. "No. No, you don't understand. I wasn't resisting you because you are my *shameful secret*, I would be proud to be with you. I was resisting you because these dark urges want me to... hurt you a little... while I make love to you."

Regina gave a low, throaty laugh. "Oh, you beautiful idiot. Do you really think that bothers me? Sweetheart, I have been fucked by people who hate me, I have been tortured and I have had violent sex in real,

actual dungeons. I come from a world where chains, shackles, whips and pain are everyday fare. I was the *Evil Queen*. There is nothing you can give me that I cannot take. And considering how you arouse me more than anyone ever has... there is nothing you can give me that I do not *want*."

Emma considered this and felt a weight lift from her shoulders. She licked her lips and tried to remember how to breathe.

"Are you saying I can hurt you? And that you might like it?"

Regina gave a bigger smirk, this one filled with haughty pride and animal lust. "Ha! Oh, dearest vapid Emma. I'm saying you can do whatever you please as long as you don't go crying to your mommy when I hurt you back. Remember, she did warn you of exactly how bad I can be."

Emma felt like someone had just set her libido on fire. Every fibre in her body wanted to fuck Regina until the end of time. She firmed her grip on Regina's arms and gave the brunette a deadly smile which Regina returned with a small wink.

Silk sheets and stockings

Regina waved her hand, despite her arm still being pinned to the floor by Emma, and a large bed appeared behind them.

Emma turned her head to look at it and then back at Regina.

She scoffed. "Silk sheets? You really think I'm letting you up from here so you can go rest that impossibly gorgeous ass on fancy silk sheets? Oh no, Madam Mayor. You're going to be fucked on the floor like the dirty bitch you are."

Regina huffed out a breath indifferently. "Fine. But as soon as you get tired, and trust me I *will* tire you out, I'm getting us into that bed. This floor doesn't give the leeway for me to do all that I want to do to you, Miss Swan."

Emma had no more words to reply with. She attacked Regina's neck, kissing and sucking and leaving big red marks in her wake. As she moved down to Regina's cleavage she grunted a suggestion between her oral attacks.

"You might want to remove this dress with magic before I rip it off you."

Regina just moaned and grabbed a fistful of Emma's hair to push her face into her cleavage again.

"No, tear it off. Ruin it. It's for you, I don't want to wear it around anyone else anyway," she hissed as she felt Emma's tongue slide down between her breasts in the cleavage.

Emma didn't wait for further instructions. She began to rip at it like an animal trying to get into a food package. It wasn't a planned approach and so it took a long time and ended up hurting Regina's soft, olive

skin in quite a few places. The brunette just grunted and moaned at the pain though, taking it as an appetiser for what was to come.

Soon Emma found a few places where the fabric was weak or there was a hem to be unravelled and the dress started to be ripped off. The dark magic coursing through Emma's veins made her even stronger than usual and soon she was ripping long pieces of the tight dress off.

It was in tatters now and what little was still on Regina's body didn't cover the black lace underwear. Emma groaned as she looked at it and whimpered, "ah man, I love garters and stockings."

"Good, I wear them frequently," Regina replied with a flirty smile.

"If I have anything to do with it, it'll be all you are fricking wearing from now on," Emma grunted and began to caress the underwear through the huge gaps in the cranberry-coloured fabric.

Regina gave a sexy little laugh. "Really? What will the town say about *that*?"

"Nothing," Emma answered bluntly. "You'll be locked up in your bedroom so the only one who'll see you is me."

Regina arched an eyebrow. "Oh, I am not someone you can keep captive, Emma Swan. Surely you know me better than that."

Emma groaned again as she squeezed one of Regina's bra clad breasts. "True, well, I suppose I'll just have to bribe you to WANT to stay in a bedroom with me forever."

"Now that sounds more like it," Regina drawled and arched her back up from the floor so that Emma got a firmer grip on the soft mound.

That was all it took to make Emma go crazy again. She began ripping at what was left of the dress until it painfully tore away and ended up thrown all over the attic floor. Without a word, Emma stood up and began to pull her own clothes off. The garments ended up thrown all

over and littered the floor in a way which would make it very hard to recover them all again.

Soon she was naked and Regina raked her eyes over the slender, sculpted body that was all hers to ogle now. She gave a pleased little hum as she looked at the strong shoulders, the petite and pink-tipped breasts, the just visible abs and the faint stretchmarks leading up to Emma's taut stomach from her hips, showing that the golden-skinned gorgeous amazon in front of her was in fact the woman who had carried her son for nine months.

Then her eyes focused on Emma's sex. She raised an eyebrow at the fact that Emma, unlike herself, was clean shaven there. This meant that Regina could see *everything*. Her smirk grew as she saw how the lips glistened in the light of the bulb in the ceiling. Emma was so very wet, just like she was. *This is going to be incredible*, Regina thought and made to get up to have a taste of Emma's desire.

"Back down," Emma growled and put her naked foot on Regina's stomach. It didn't press down, nor did it have to, as Regina just smirked and laid back down.

"As you wish, Miss Swan. This is your show, I'll let you set the rules unless you do something that displeases me."

Emma threw herself down on the ground, landing in a plank position just above Regina. Her hands and feet hurt from the impact with the floor, but she really couldn't care less.

She laid down on Regina and began to caress the brunette's body below her as she whispered, "Oh, I'll make sure to please you alright, Madam Mayor. I'll please you until you can't fucking stand it."

Regina felt Emma's breath and her every word against her face and it made her ache to kiss the blonde, but as she reached up to kiss her she noticed that Emma was raising her body to look down at Regina's laid out form.

Then she lowered herself back down and allowed her hand to slide down Regina's taut stomach and under the hem of her panties. Soon her fingers were moving around Regina's drenched folds, making the brunette pant and whimper with pleasure.

Emma growled low in her throat. "That's right, Mayor Mills. I'm going to toy with this amazingly hot, wet cunt all night and I'm going to make you love it."

"Yes," Regina croaked out.

That was the last real word she said for quite a while. As Emma found her hard clit and began to circle and softly flick it, all Regina's eloquence disappeared into soft moans and pleased whimpers.

Soon Emma couldn't help herself, she began to rub it *hard*. Luckily Regina's clit was erect enough and her cunt wet enough to enjoy the harsh treatment and soon she was coming loudly. Emma brought her free hand up to clamp it over Regina's mouth and any screams the Mayor gave got buried against the unnaturally shimmering skin of Emma's hand.

As Regina calmed down and began to breathe properly again, Emma sat up and brought her wet fingers to her mouth and noisily sucked them clean. The gesture made what little arousal was still coursing in Regina's satisfied body tingle as the brunette loved watching someone enjoy her taste.

Then Emma stopped sucking her fingers and instead surveyed Regina's body once more.

"Damn, those stockings look so good. I've, uh, changed my mind. You can sit on the bed for a while."

Regina rolled her eyes. "Oh, how kind of you, Dark One."

"Don't call me that! And don't for a second think this is for you. It's for me... I love the feeling of nylon against my pussy and so I'm going to

ride one of your pretty legs until I come on your stocking... and then I might just make you lick it clean."

"As blunt but inventive as always, Miss Swan," Regina drawled and gingerly stood up. She was trying to hide the fact that what Emma just said aroused her greatly. None of her male lovers had ever cared for her stay-ups in any other way than looking at them while they were adorning her legs. Having a woman rubbing herself against them... now that sounded fascinating and oh, so sexy.

Regina sashayed over to the bed in the elegant way that only she could. Emma watched her every move and felt herself needing to come so very badly. How long had she desired this woman?

Then the brunette sat down and gave Emma a confident smirk.

"I believe I am ready for you, Miss Swan."

Emma jumped up and gave herself a head rush, although that might have as much to do with all her blood pumping through her erogenous zones as it did her quick ascent. She swaggered over to the bed and pointed to the floor next to her.

"Make a chair or stool or something appear right here. It should be about the height of the bed so you can rest your leg against it," she instructed.

Regina gave a low chuckle. "You are the Dark One... make one yourself."

Without warning Emma bent down and gave Regina a soft slap to the face. "I said... make a chair."

Regina looked like she was going to punch Emma and the blonde tried to figure out if that would be a good thing or a bad one, but then the brunette's elegant features softened back into flirty superiority and she gave a subtle wave of her hand, creating a high, padded footstool which matched the bed perfectly.

She gracefully swung her right leg up and placed her stockinged foot on the stool. Emma let one finger caress the high arch of Regina's beautiful foot and watched the brunette flinch. Under her many layers of Dark-One-cruelty and normal but overpowering desire, there was a loving beat of her heart at the fact that Regina was a little bit ticklish.

She caressed her way up Regina's leg while the brunette let her eyes feast on Emma's beautiful body once more. As much as she was enjoying the exotic glimmer of Emma's new skin, she found herself wondering what Emma's real, creamy-white skin would look like when she was naked.

When Emma's hand reached the lace hem at the top of Regina's stocking she caressed the small expanse of naked, olive skin between the stocking and the garterbelt-and-panty combination.

"You're so soft and so damned delicious. I just want to stick your entire body in my mouth and... suck on it," Emma muttered under her breath.

"Do whatever you want, suck whatever you want... just be with me tonight," Regina whispered back.

Emma locked eyes with her and whispered back, "trust me, wild horses couldn't keep me off you."

She stood with Regina's laid out leg between her own and then crouched down. She bore some of her weight on her long, muscular legs so that Regina's outstretched leg wouldn't have to take all the burden.

When her warm wetness made contact with Regina's nylon-covered leg they both groaned quietly. Emma reached forward and put her hands on Regina's hips, then she began to slide up and down the leg. Her copious wetness soon covered the stocking and Regina could feel the heat of it down onto her leg.

Emma closed her eyes at the pleasure of it and began to slide faster and harder over the leg, moaning extra loud whenever she slid over Regina's knee. Soon she was too far gone to keep up the smooth, sliding movement and instead just began to ride the top of Regina's stocking. The hem with the lace gave enough resistance on her clit to make her near her orgasm.

She was so far up Regina's leg now that she was basically sitting in the brunette's lap. Regina looped her arms around the blonde, and whenever Emma came close enough she would place wet, greedy kisses on the blonde's shoulders and neck.

Emma moaned and panted hard now and rode Regina's thigh firm and fast. Regina released one hand from Emma's over-heated skin and waved it above them before mumbling "silencing spell, we can't wake Henry."

Emma would have countered with that if the pre-teen couldn't hear the nightly shrieking of dying crystal imps, then his parents moaning probably wouldn't wake him, but she was too busy feeling her orgasm approaching to speak.

It was so much faster than normal. Usually Emma took quite a while to come, but now and here, she seemed ready to melt into a little climaxing puddle after just a few minutes riding the Mayor's thigh. *What does this woman do to me*, Emma thought just as the pleasure built and overtook her.

She leaned forward and bit Regina's shoulder as she came. Regina gave a yelp at the pain but still grabbed onto Emma and pulled her closer, keeping the blonde safe in her arms until she had weathered the tsunami of her orgasm.

Emma shuddered at the aftershocks of the climax and buried her face in Regina's neck and hair. Regina held her close and smiled as she caressed the blonde's naked back.

Fighting the darkness together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Emma showed off the stamina gained by hours of jogging, yoga and working out by getting her breath back fast and then standing up with a muttered, "don't think we are done, Regina. This is just the start."

Regina laughed. "Oh, I hadn't expected anything else, dear."

Emma unclipped the black stockings from their fastenings and brought the dry one up to Regina's back. She roughly grabbed Regina's arms and tied her wrists behind her back using the stay-up. Then she went back for the wet one, which was still glistening with her juices.

She held it up in front of Regina's face and snarled, "lick it."

Regina gave a superior little chuckle. "No thank you, I'm not thirsty."

Emma took it and made a point with the wettest bit and then rubbed it over Regina's lips, making the brunette's cranberry lipstick come off on the wet fabric.

"Lick your lips," Emma snarled, this time a lot louder.

It would be so lovely and easy to give in, Regina thought. But so much more fun to rebel.

"I said no thank you," Regina said and tried to hide that she was breathing in the scent on her lips, loving the rich, savoury smell and feeling almost desperate to taste it.

Emma grinned as she saw Regina's nostrils flaring ever so discreetly. "Something smell nice, your Majesty?"

"Yes, it must be that apple lotion of yours," Regina countered smirking.

Emma felt her dark urges burn and grabbed Regina's throat with the hand that wasn't holding the stocking.

"You will either lick your lips and tell me how good I taste or I will put you over my knee and spank you red," Emma promised menacingly.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at doing what I'm told, Miss Swan. I prefer to give the orders," Regina stated coolly.

Emma felt her heart leap. This was *so damned perfect*! Emma pulled Regina to standing and then sat herself down on the bed.

She indicated her lap with both hands and growled, "over my knee, bitch."

Regina stood as regally as she could with her wrists tied behind her back and only dressed in see-through lace panties and bra.

"Didn't you forget the magic word there, dear?" Regina drawled with a quirked eyebrow.

"Nope, pretty sure I said *bitch*," Emma countered and pulled Regina down towards her so that she ended up laying with her stomach on Emma's lap.

There was no point in fighting it now, she shimmied her way up so that her ass was now upturned on Emma's lap.

The Dark One took a grip of the hem of the lace panties and roughly pulled them down enough to bare Regina's buttocks. Even with Regina's thighs clamped together and tied to each other by the pulled down panties, Emma could see a few black curls escaping and smell the scent of Regina's drenched sex.

She growled again and felt her sex throb. "Damn. Do you have to be so fucking hot, Regina?"

With the side of her face pressed against the bed, Regina irritably shook her head to get rid of the lock of her hair which was getting in her eye and replied, "I could ask you the same thing, dear. Even when I hated you I couldn't help but admire how intensely sexy you are. You're quite the woman."

Emma just hummed in response and reached down and removed the errant lock of hair from Regina's face, caressing it back into place behind her ear.

"Thank you," Regina said reluctantly and laid her cheek back down on the bed.

"No need to thank me, I'm the one who tied your wrists together so you can't do this stuff yourself. Now, don't think that me being nice means you are getting out of your punishment."

Regina chuckled. "Oh, I wouldn't dream of it, Miss Swan."

Emma didn't answer. She just slapped the ass cheek furthest from her. Regina flinched a little but didn't make a noise. Another slap and this time Regina actually hummed with pleasure. Emma hit harder and Regina gave a small laugh.

"Is that all you've got, dear? I've had worse pain while waxing my legs," she drawled.

Emma began to slap the round, soft ass cheeks harder and faster. Soon she got quite the rhythm going and Regina's ample, rounded ass was turning a fetching shade of pink.

Emma felt the darkness in herself cheering her on and making her hit harder and harder. She didn't fight it but she began rebelling against it by pausing to caress the buttocks, removing some of the sting from the slaps in between the spankings.

Then it happened. The first test of who would win this fight, the darkness in Emma or her goodness and love for Regina. The Mayor

began to tense at every smack now. She didn't complain or cry out, but she tensed and it was enough for Emma to sense that she was enjoying it less.

This was the moment that Emma had worried more about than Regina had. She heard a thousand little voices in her mind whispering - *do it! Slap her harder! She likes pain. She said you could do whatever you wanted. She hasn't even asked you to stop. Do it! Spank her red, she deserves after everything she has done to people. Do it! DO IT!*

"NO," Emma shouted and stayed her hand above Regina's left ass cheek.

"Pardon?" Regina asked with her mouth against the silk sheet.

"Nothing," Emma mumbled and began to softly caress the redness on Regina's rear.

Regina laid there and enjoyed the soft hand against her soreness, but she also wondered if she was being lulled into false security and Emma would slap her again at any second.

Soon she did feel something else against her ass, but it wasn't what she had worried about, it was something wet. Emma had spat on her ass and was now rubbing the soothing wetness onto her hot, tender cheeks.

Regina smiled at the strange and quite dirty affection and felt her heart beat hard. Once again she felt like a teenager again, in love and absolutely obsessed with the object of her affection.

"Are you alright, dear?" Regina asked with her tone laced with tenderness.

"I will be as soon as I get these panties off," Emma muttered and tried to pull them down Regina's wet thighs.

With her hands tied, Regina still managed to make the magic gesture necessary to make her panties and bra disappear from her body and

appear on the footstool next to the bed, perfectly folded and laid out in the middle of the surface.

Emma couldn't help but laugh. "You are so... neat and tidy, Madam Mayor. It's kinda adorable, you know."

"Oh, do be quiet and fuck me," Regina grumbled and buried her face in the sheet.

"Wow, listen to the dirty talk coming from that sexy mouth of yours," Emma purred and used both hands to reach into her lap and spread the brunette's legs.

Regina just gasped into the sheets as the cold air hit her overheated centre.

Emma gave a salacious little laugh. "Well, look at that. That is one gorgeous pussy."

Regina gave an exasperated groan into the sheets.

"No, I mean it! You really keep those black curls trimmed neatly so that they don't cover up all that brown-pink goodness you got going on down there."

Regina mumbled some curse words into the sheets.

Normally Emma would have made a joke or just continued embarrassing Regina, but now she had darkness swirling in her blood and so instead she gave a sore ass cheek an extra slap and grunted, "shut up and let me speak."

Regina said nothing but she felt her aroused sex tingle a little extra at the harsh tone in Emma's voice. It reminded her of back when they were enemies. That low, warning voice that Emma could get when she was really pissed off... oh why did it have to be so *erotic*?

Emma parted Regina's legs as much as she could without the brunette falling off her lap and then began to play with her dripping folds. It

was so much more fun when she could see them than when she had blindly explored Regina's cunt on the floor earlier.

"I love the colour of your pussy. I should have figured it would be darker than mine considering your gorgeous skin tone but for some reason I always pictured it was a dusky pink when I fantasised about you. It's actually more brownish pink."

"Mocha," Regina corrected. Then she was quiet for a second before adding quietly, "you have fantasized about me?"

"Oh hell yes," Emma said as she slowly slipped a single digit inside Regina.

Regina moaned at the welcome intrusion and relaxed her muscles to let Emma further in.

Emma began to move the finger in and out, feeling very clearly that Regina was ready for more fingers but not ready to give the Mayor what she needed yet.

"Yeah, I've rubbed myself to orgasm in the shower several times a week since I got to know you. Always thinking about you. Always thinking about different ways to fuck you."

Regina moaned, as much with pleasure as with being flattered. Every part of her suddenly wanted to live up to Emma's fantasies. Every part of her wanted to spend the rest of her life living out every single fantasy with this wonderful woman.

Emma wiggled her finger inside the drenched passage. "Would you like another finger, beautiful?"

Regina tensed a little. This was a little too sweet and easy... when was the other shoe going to drop?

"Yes. Maybe even two as you have slim fingers."

"Slim and *long*, Madam Mayor. You'll get to know them very well soon. But if you want that... you'll have to *beg* very prettily," Emma snarled with an evil smirk.

Ah, there it is, Regina thought. The single finger slowly sawing in and out of her felt so good and so inadequate and it was driving Regina mad. She quickly decided that this was not the time to put up a fight. She needed more of this, *so much more*.

"Fine. Could you please enter me with another finger, Emma."

Emma smiled at the added bonus of the brunette using her name. "That was begging, yeah. But I think I said beg *prettily*. You've got all the goddamn words in the world, use them."

"If you mean to say that I'm very eloquent or that you admire my vast vernacular, then thank you, but I believe that was quite enough begging to warrant me another finger," Regina snapped.

She realised that she had made a bad mistake the second Emma's finger stopped moving inside her.

"Well I don't. Convince me to fuck you open or I won't fuck you at all!" Emma snapped angrily.

Regina couldn't stifle the pathetic whimper that escaped her lips at the words. She licked her lips as she considered her next words and that meant that she now got the taste of Emma's orgasm in her mouth. It was delicious and it spurred Regina on to swallowing her pride and getting more sex with this powerfully sexy woman.

"As you wish... I... I need more of your wonderful fingers inside me, Miss Swan. Please enter me with two of your fingers. *Please*," she shuddered out the words and wondered if her wetness was dripping down onto the attic floor.

Emma gave an evil little snicker. "That's better. You want two fingers, Madam Mayor?"

Regina's face reddened at the humiliation of having to repeat her wish.

"Yes," she replied curtly.

Emma grinned wickedly and whispered, "then you'll be getting three."

Then she shoved three fingers inside Regina and began to hammer them in hard. Emma had shaped her fingers together so they wouldn't be too wide and she knew just how to bend them to fit into Regina in this position, this together with Regina's incredible arousal meant that the hard and big penetration only smarted a little bit.

What it also meant was that it felt unbelievably good in Regina's overheated velvet. Emma squeezed her free hand under Regina's hips and placed it at the top of her sex, shimmied it past Regina's venus mound and the trimmed bush of hair and down to her protruding clit. She began to rub it softly and tantalisingly to the same rhythm of her rough fucking.

Regina writhed and struggled against the restraints on her wrists, not because she wanted to get away but because it felt so good that she experienced a need to grab on to something with her hands. Fistfuls of sheets, Emma's soft blonde hair or her pretty little pair of tits, anything that she could squeeze as the pleasure rushed through her body and drove her nearly mad.

Emma felt those voices grow louder in her mind again. *Harder, take her harder. Stop rubbing her clit, make her wait for her pleasure until she's had more pain. Harder, faster, harder.*

Emma couldn't resist, her three fingers began to push into Regina even harder. The wet slamming noise of the penetration grew louder just as Regina's moans did.

Emma felt herself shove her fingers in so hard that her arm muscles flexed and she equally enjoyed it and worried that she was hurting her lover. Just as she felt the anxiety building and the fear of injuring Regina became real in her mind, she heard Regina moan, "that's it."

Make me feel it! I can take it. More, make me explode for you, my love."

The words felt like a soothing balm on Emma's guilt and she relaxed as she realised that Regina was enjoying the roughness. She wouldn't have to stop, this was what they both wanted. She felt emotional and aroused in equal measure and all she could think was *don't ever let this moment end*.

But of course it did, it ended, but it ended gloriously as Emma automatically increased the pace and roughness of her fingers on Regina's clit as well and made the brunette come so hard she saw nothing but blinding white light. The orgasm rushed through her system in electric shocks and Regina tensed hard in muscles she didn't even know she had.

She screamed out her pleasure and Emma revelled in how wonderfully loud Regina was. She realised that making Regina come was her favourite thing now and even though she was still doing it now, she could barely wait until she could do it again.

Soon Regina lay limp and relaxed in Emma's lap, breathing laboured into the sheet below her face. Emma untied her wrists and slowly flipped Regina over onto her back.

Regina looked up at her and panted out, "you're astounding!"

"I was afraid I was too rough. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, dear. It takes more than that to break me," Regina chuckled through fast breaths.

Emma smiled a relieved smile and laid her head on Regina's chest, listening to her fast heart beat and enjoying the scent of her warm skin.

As she laid there she felt the dull beating of arousal between her thighs and she opened her eyes to look at Regina's naked breast. She watched the stiff nipple centred on the ample areola and felt a desperate need to

suck it *hard and painfully*. She squeezed her eyes closed and willed the need away. Regina was recovering and the last thing she needed was Emma sucking and biting her nipples until they bled.

Emma shuddered as she felt that pain of resisting her urges return.

"Don't," Regina whispered breathily. "Don't fight it. Do what you need to do, so far it has all been amazing."

"No, it includes hurting you. I don't want to do it. I can't. Not to you. Never you."

Regina smiled and felt her chest fill with tenderness. But tenderness wasn't what Emma needed, or rather it wasn't what the Dark One needed. Luckily Regina had thought of a way they could both get what they wanted, Emma could get an outlet for her darkness, and her sexual frustration, and Regina could finally taste her darling blonde.

"You like riding, don't you?" Regina asked in a deep, throaty voice dripping with sex and flirtation.

Emma looked at her confused. "Um, no, I can't ride. Well, I never tried but I'm pretty sure I'd be better off sticking to my Bug and leaving the horses to you fairytale people."

Regina pursed her lips and rolled her eyes. "No you idiot, riding *me*. Like you did with my leg!"

"Right!" Emma laughed heartily and Regina felt like it lit up the room. "Yeah, yeah I love that."

"Good. Then why don't you take control of my insolent mouth, as I'm sure you have often wanted to do, and silence me by placing your wet sex on my lips and tongue? Hmm?"

Emma stared at her for a second and then she wordlessly moved up the bed and placed her knees on either side of Regina's face.

Regina sucked in a deep breath, filling her nostrils with the scent of the blonde's desire. Emma felt her body twitch and the pain from burying her dark impulses began to come back.

She growled low in her throat and heard the voices return. *Sit down. Ride her mouth. Ride it so tight she can barely breathe. Don't move off her pretty face until you've come at least three times. Fill her mouth with your juices.*

Emma shook her head to clear the voices and focused on the throbbing in her clit.

She cleared her throat and spoke. "Regina?"

"Yes?"

"I'm going to lower myself down now. I want you to slap my ass if you can't breathe or if you want me to move for some other reason, okay?"

Emma realised that saying the words hurt and soon the dark voices in her mind grew angrier and their suggestions became rougher and meaner. She grit her teeth and squeezed her eyes shut, trying to quiet the voices.

Regina slowly caressed her hands up Emma's thigh and hips. "Don't worry, my sweet. I'll be fine. Just do it and be as rough as you need to be. In fact, turn around."

Emma looked confused, but obeyed. Now she was facing out into the room and she could look down on Regina's beautiful body.

"Good girl. Now you can grab onto my throat if I misbehave, or pinch my nipples... or maybe even slap my sex as extra encouragement to please you," Regina purred challengingly.

Emma smiled and bit her lower lip in sheer pleasure. The voices grew excited and less angry at the thought of those things and Emma breathed out a "thank you."

Regina gave an amused huff. "Who said it was for you, dear? You might not have noticed it... but I rather like it rough."

Emma laughed. "Yeah, I'm starting to see the appeal of that actually. Especially with you, you are fucking amazing."

Regina laughed as well. "I am with you, but I think that is mainly due to me finally having met my match. We fit together so seamlessly."

"We'll fit together even better when I put my lower lips on your higher set," Emma said with a cheeky grin.

"Go ahead. I'm ready for my dessert, dear," Regina purred and licked her lips in a seductive way that Emma couldn't see.

Emma slowly lowered herself onto Regina's mouth and soon felt a curious and examining tongue feel its way around her folds.

The blonde couldn't help but be impressed with how quickly Regina got the hang of cunnilingus, even in this awkward position. Soon Regina's tongue was moving around Emma's swollen clit as if it was giving it a loving massage.

Emma grabbed onto Regina's breasts and steadied herself, trying not to buck too much and push her dripping cunt onto Regina's face.

She rode Regina's clever tongue like her life depended on it and resisted the urge to suffocate her lover by taking Regina's suggestions instead and pinching a taut, mocha-coloured nipple when her dark needs surfaced.

Soon that wasn't enough. As she moved towards her orgasm the voiced grew louder in her mind again. *Fuck her mouth. Come until you fill her stomach. Slap her. Make her feel your pleasure through her pain.*

Automatically Emma obeyed and reached a hand down to slap Regina's hot cunt. Her hand met with copious moisture and the loud, wet smacking sound echoed in the empty attic room. She felt the

vibrations of Regina's moaning around the clit buried in her mouth and it felt *so good*.

She slapped it again and felt the same vibrating hum of pleasure. This continued on for a while until Emma felt her pleasure begin to peak. She sat back up and reached a hand down to grip Regina's throat. She gave a gentle squeeze and through gritted teeth panted, "suck my clit until I come or I'll squeeze harder."

Regina obeyed immediately and tentatively began to suck on the little nub, unsure of how hard she could do it.

Emma gave an animal cry and then whimpered, "just like that."

Regina continued sucking and tonguing the little pearl between her lips and Emma now couldn't stop herself from bucking against the brunette's mouth.

Suddenly Regina decided she had enough of this submission. She doubted they would have the energy for more orgasms in the next few hours and so she was sure as hell going to make this one count. She would take back some control right now.

She began to suck the clit harder.

As Emma was so close to coming, she didn't mind at first, it just made the sensation more intense. But then it began to really smart and she felt her anger rise. Powered by the dark impulses it grew and grew in tandem with her oncoming orgasm.

"You fucking bitch," she cried out and firmed her grip on Regina's throat with one hand while she slapped one of her breasts hard with the other.

Regina replied by sucking even harder and the pain shot through Emma at the same time as her orgasm, strangely magnifying it and making each sensation so much more vivid and long-lasting. Emma came like she had never come before and unknowingly she really was

filling Regina's mouth with her juices as it rushed out of her in great speed.

The dark voices grew silent, struck dumb by the perfect combination of giving and receiving pain that happened in that bed. Together they managed to shock the ancient darkness of the Dark One curse into complete stillness and Emma could come in peace before collapsing down on her lover's body.

She forced herself to take a deep breath as she realised she had been holding her breath during the climax and then she affectionately nuzzled her face into the skin of Regina's thigh, where her head had landed when she fell forwards.

Regina just softly caressed Emma's legs, hips, ass and basically anything she could reach in their weird position. As soon as Emma's breathing had calmed back to normal and her vision wasn't filled with little black dots anymore, she rolled over, turned around and moved until she was laying on her side and facing Regina.

The brunette turned over on her side too so that their faces were only a couple of inches away from each other. Almost close enough for their noses to touch.

"Wow. That was amazing," Emma breathed.

Regina smiled and licked as much of the wetness as she could reach with her tongue off her face before simply saying "yes."

Emma smiled, almost shyly, before speaking.

"You know... The voices are almost completely quiet now and it doesn't hurt."

"Just like after you have slaughtered a fresh batch of imps?"

"Yeah, like that but with the important difference that I am happier than I've been in a long time too," Emma said with a smile and a half-

shrug.

Regina looked flattered and smiled back, looking unbearably happy as well.

"Well, we can do this anytime you please," she said and pulled down a pillow to put under her and Emma's head.

Emma looked shocked and sceptical. "ANY time?"

Now it was Regina's turn to give a half-shrug. "What can I say, you are unexpectedly good in bed."

Then she did something which the blonde did not expect. She reached out her hand and began to trace lines over Emma's sculpted upper arm with her fingers. The caress felt soothing and affectionate and it made Emma feel weak in the knees.

Soon the soft fingers moved up the gleaming skin and began to softly caress Emma's neck and face. The touch was so gentle and so tender that the darkness in Emma wanted to rage against it, but Emma wouldn't let it. This felt too good. Too right.

Suddenly Regina moved her face in closer, as if she was going in for a kiss. Emma flinched away and looked at Regina in surprise and confusion.

"Why are you doing this? You're satisfied now so it can't be because you're turned on. Is it because you pity me or maybe because I sacrificed myself for you? I don't want you to do this out of guilt or gratitude", Emma said quietly, her voice breaking on the last words.

"No? How about love? May I do this out of love for you?" Regina replied smilingly before leaning in and softly kissing Emma's warm lips.

Suddenly there was a rush of light and air all around them. It was a sensation they had both experienced when kissing their son on the

forehead. It was true love's kiss breaking a curse.

They moved apart in shock and Regina gaped as she saw the golden shimmer slowly leave Emma's skin.

"You... that... it...", Emma mumbled in a pinched, hoarse voice. She could actually feel the darkness reluctantly drawing into a small ball and then imploding silently somewhere in her chest.

Regina still had her mouth slightly opened in surprise and her throat and mouth sounded dry as she whispered "true love's kiss can break any curse."

She didn't have time to say anything else as Emma moved forwards and brought their lips together in another kiss, this one filled with joy and relief.

They kissed until their lips were swollen and sore and then they kissed again, interrupted only by little relieved giggles and half-spoken, shy declarations of love.

Those kisses didn't just break the Dark One curse, they removed all that was jagged and wrong in their lives. They washed away dirt, shame and pain. Those kisses were hope and courage and they both felt that whatever monsters and trouble would enter their lives from now on – they would be strong enough together to weather anything. As long as there was more kisses, and there most certainly would be.

Downstairs the name *Emma Swan* faded from the dagger and it laid there motionless and powerless. Just another weapon defeated by love.

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